Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils because they doe aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eies,
But like to Groves being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth foode, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt severall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile doe my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewd her selfe even in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, ut wondered at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All poverty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But see what heaven can doe by this our change:

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance;
As houses are defilde for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those pallats, who not yet to savers yonger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers, who to nouzell up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate those little darlings whom they loved,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them buriall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The Misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'st in haste, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sayle of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heyre,
That may succeed as his inheritour:
And so in ours; some neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
That stuft the hollow vessels with their power,
To beate us downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.